

## Steve the unfortunate survivor by Alonelycold

**Category:** Dead by Daylight (Video Game), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** A/B/O, Abuse, Alpha Ace Visconti, Alpha Bill Overbeck, Alpha David King, Alpha DeathSlinger, Alpha Doctor, Alpha Felix Richter, Alpha Frank Morrison, Alpha Freddy Krueger, Alpha Ghost Face, Alpha Huntress, Alpha Jake Park, Alpha Jeff Johansen, Alpha Joey, Alpha Julie, Alpha Laurie Strode, Alpha Leather Face, Alpha Meg Thomas, Alpha Micheal Myers, Alpha Nea Karlsson, Alpha Pyramid Head, Alpha Quentin Smith, Alpha Susie, Alpha Trapper, Alpha Tricker, Alpha Wraith, Alpha Yui Kimura, Alpha Zarina Kassir, Anal Sex, Animalistic Behaviour, Barbed Penis, Beta Adam Francis, Beta Cheryl Mason, Beta Claudette Moral, Beta Jane Romeo, Beta Kate Denson, Blow Jobs, Breeding, Crying, F/M, First Time, Forced, Forced Bonding, Forced Feeding, Group Sex, Hair Pulling, Hurt, Knotting, Light Bondage, M/M, Mating Bites, Medical Examination, Mild Abuse, No Pack Dynamics, Omega Dwight Fairfield, Omega Feng min, Omega Nancy Wheeler, Omega Steve Harrington, Other, Others that too lazy to name, Praise Kink, Rape, Scent Marking, Size Differences, Stalking, Steve Harrington is 19!, Steve is a little shit, Steve is a virgin!, Teratophilia, Too many tags!., beta, beta tapp, lost of virginity, non-con, sadistic

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ace Visconti, Adam Francis, Anna| The Huntress, Bubba Sawyer| Leather face, Caleb Quinn | The Deathslinger, Cheryl Mason, Claudette Moral, Danny “Jed Olsen” Johnson| The Ghost Face, David King, Detective Tapp, Dwight Fairfield, Evan Macmillan| The Trapper, Felix Richter, Feng Min, Frank Morrison, Freddy Krueger | The Nightmare, Herman Carter| The Doctor, Jake Park, Jane Romeo, Jeff johansen, Ji-woon Hak| The Trickster, Joey, Julie, Kate Denson, Laurie Strode, Meg Thomas, Micheal Myers| The Shape, Nancy Wheeler, Nea Karlsson, Other Killers (mention), Others I’m too lazy to name., Phillip Ojomo| The Wraith, Pyramid Head | The Executioner, Quentin Smith, Steve Harrington, Susie, The Legion, William “Bill” Overbeck, Yui Kimura, Zarina Kassir, demogorgon

**Relationships:** Other relationships I’m too lazy to name., Steve Harrington/ Ann|The Huntress, Steve Harrington/ Bubba Sawyer| LeatherFace, Steve Harrington/ Danny “Jed Olson” Johnson|The

ghost face, Steve Harrington/ Evan Macmillan|The Trapper, Steve Harrington/ Freddy Krueger| The Nightmare, Steve Harrington/ Herman Carter| The Doctor, Steve Harrington/ Ji-woon Hak| The Trickster, Steve Harrington/ Phillip Ojomo| The Wraith, Steve Harrington/All of The legion Steve Harrington/Frank Morrison, Steve Harrington/Joey, Steve Harrington/Julie, Steve Harrington/Micheal Myers| The Shape, Steve Harrington/Others, Steve Harrington/Susie, Steve Harrington/The Demogorgon Steve Harrington/ Pyramid head| The Executioner

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2021-06-22

**Updated:** 2021-06-22

**Packaged:** 2022-03-31 13:54:26

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** Rape/Non-Con

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 4,968

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

The Killers, are Alphas.

Who are wanting fulfill some Desires, Urges.

They are restless and need release.

Their instincts, are getting out of control.

Luckily for Them, the Entity is willing to Provide.

All it needs is a perfect target.

A perfect omega.

Unfortunately for Steve, it happens to fall on him.

Being an omega.

## Steve the unfortunate survivor

Don't know how, he ended up, in this realm?, but he is here and there's no escape.

Steve, Sat right front of the campfire.  
Staring right into the fires glow. Watching the embers, fly about,  
listening to the crackle.  
Bringing him comfort and warmth.  
After another successful trial, which happens to be the last.

The entity seemed pleased.  
Finally Deciding, to call it a day??.  
If you would, call it that.??  
Since, it was always night time, twenty four seven, here. Never  
daylight...

...

With all the survivors here, gathered around, near the campfire.  
It was a time to fill bellies, heal, get some rest.  
As tomorrow?, it will repeat the same ongoing cycle, for the entity,  
twisted entertainment.  
Either you Escape or succumb to the hands of the chosen Killer.  
Getting sacrificed or be killed, it didn't matter.  
Death wasn't an escape, they say.  
Though, painful, every single time.

The entity worked in mysterious multiple ways.  
One being, is knowing how to take care of its residents.  
Keeping them alive, for long as possible.  
Both, survivors and killers.  
providing, all the necessities.  
Restock, so to say.  
Such as Cans of food, Bottles of Water, Med kits for healing,  
Stitching, painkillers and If you did great in a trial, the entity will  
give you an offering.

Wheather, it be your own Med kit, Tool box, a Key, a Map, a flashlight, for your taking. To have a better chance of escaping, these ongoing trials.

Heck, the entity is kind enough, to give you various clothing to wear, for your choosing.

Steve, did find it useful to have a choice of clothing here.

surviving, escaping, came with prices to pay.

Clothing happens to be, one of them.

How?...well...every time, Steve was in a match, his clothing would always get ruined.

Bloodstains, would often occur.

When healing himself, or his injured teammates.

Honestly,...he didn't really care for blood stains. As long as he healed his teammates, it was alright by him. Besides, after a few days?, the ruined, stained clothing would somehow magically fix self.

If it were brand new again, freshly clean.

All thanks, to the Entity, but.....One thing, that did bothered him.

Related to clothing, was probably the cutting, ripping of the fabric.

During Matches, Killers would always cut, rip through the fabric of his clothes, one way or another.

The killers with a knife, like Myers, the Legion, Ghost face had it easy. Taking only one slash, with their Blades.

The ones who had claws, like the hag, and demogorgon, also had it easy.

For the ones who didn't have claws or a blade, they just simply, ripped his clothing with a harsh tug.

Tearing, ripping the fabric, Getting a handful.

Steve didn't know, if they were trying to get hold of him, down him.

Either way, he always managed to get away, In one piece.

Furrowing his brows, lips going thin.

To his annoyance, it seemed, like he was the only survivor, to be getting this. kind of treatment.

Like I mean, None of the other survivors got their clothes, ripped up.

His eyes, torn away from the fire.

Head turning in all directions, Eyeing each and every one of them, up and down. Head to toe, Observing them.....carefully.

A Couple of minutes, was all it took.

Seemingly, his theory was right.

All of Their clothing, were in tip top shape, except for the blood stains.

“Mmmm”, making a disapproving noise.

Lips going thinner.

He was about to turn to look into the fire once again. To hide his frustration.

Until....a steady hand on his shoulder caught his attention.

Looking up, to the owner of the hand.

Eyes meeting another.

“Oh, hey Adam”, he greeted the Beta.

With a smile.

The Beta, smiled back at him.

“Your Meds Steve”, using his free hand to drop three different brightly coloured pills onto the palm of his hand.

He casually, popped them, into his mouth.

“Any of you, got a water bottle?”

He managed to asked, without dropping any of the pills.

“Here”, Jake, toss him a fresh bottle.

Catching it.

Opening the cap, gulping down the precious liquid, along with the pills.

Till the last drop.

“Ahh, refreshing, Thanks Jake”

Throwing the empty bottle over his shoulder.

Hearing it, hit a tree, somewhere in the forest behind him.

“No, problem”, Jake replied immediately, Giving him a wink.

Steve ignore that wink. Looking else where.....

If it weren't for Adam being here, he would've have forgotten to taken his pills.

Come to think of it.....

Maybe thats why the entity, have given the beta such responsibility of Looking after the pills.

Then again, The entity was also intelligent enough, to bring along few Betas. A Couple of them, actually.

The Obvious reason. Is to bring balance.

Cause, Alphas and Omega's alone definitely don't mix, there has to be Betas.

Adam, was a very good example.

Making sure every single, omega and Alpha got their pills, regularly.

Speaking of pills.

Omega took three, heat blockers, scent blockers and birth control.

While the Alphas only took one called Rut blockers.

Heat and Rut blockers were the most important one to take, among the survivors here.

Preventing anyone, from going into a full blown heat or a rut.

Miss one intake, then disaster will rise.

No survivor here, wants to get badly injured...or worst get killed by their own teammates.

Especially in their safe place, Known as the campfire.

It's bad enough, that they already get painfully injured and killed, a lot by the Killers, in trials.

Who, so happen to be, Alphas as well.

Ruthless, Feral, aggressive, blood craving Alphas. Running on pure instincts, of hunting, killing.

Errrr.....

Steve, Couldn't bring himself to imagine, if one the killers found out, who was an omega here among the survivors.

Who knows, what they'll will do?

It would be ten times worst, than death itself...

That's why Scent blockers, play an important intake, for the Omega's. Such as himself.

It prevents the killers, from discovering, their true identity.

Which is why, its an important thing, to take seriously.

An unclaimed, Omega's scent will drive, any Alpha crazy. ...Any Alpha.

Which Includes, the Survivors too.

His spine, shivered to the bone.

Steve didn't want to think about no more.

Quickly, Brushing off the subject.

For birth control,...it's better safe than sorry.

No babies should be born here, in this cruel realm, ruled by the entity.

"David your meds"

Adam's voice.

Made Steve, look towards them.

Seeing the beta drop two, Rut blockers onto The palm, of the Alpha's bandage hand. Swallowing them dry.

He gruffly, mumbled something underneath his breath.

As the pills started to slowly take over his body. Making his eyes droopy, muscles relaxed.

Normally an average, full grown Alpha took one, rut blocker.

In David's case, he had to take two Rut blockers, which is causing, him to feel more relaxed, sleepy.

Since, he is the most Alpha induced one here.

Every survivor, here knows it.

Aside from the killers, David was a perfect example of an true Alpha.

He was Aggressive, Strong, Brave, Build with Hard muscle, and can endure hits from the killers.

Not only that, he happens to have the strongest, smelliest, powerful

Alpha scent here. Which he takes pride of.  
It was pungent scent of dirt, wood and sweat.

A nose Wrinkler for Steve's Taste.  
Also he didn't understand why, David would Start the Trials injured.  
Doesn't make any sense in Steve's opinion.  
Although, it did indeed earned him respect from the others.  
Not to mention, David was rude and short tempered.  
'Arggh.' When he did lose to a killer during matches.  
He would come back to the campfire all pissed.  
Taking his temper, on the other male Alphas here.  
Such as Felix, Quentin, Jake, Ash, Ace, And Jeff.  
Not Bill though, never Bill,  
David respected, the old wise Alpha.  
Everyone did, even Him.  
Something about the tattered elderly Alpha was intriguing.  
Fascinating.  
He had this vibe, where you felt safe and Secure, being around him.  
He Gives good advice, great Survival tips and insights about facing  
certain types of killers.  
Without his knowledge, wisdom, Steve wouldn't never known, the  
basics of escaping these savage trials.

Bill, who is no longer in his prime, his Alpha scent had faded. Long gone.  
The only smell that still lingered on him was smell of his cheap cigarettes, that he unhealthy smoked, all the time.  
Don't know which brand, but At least it was more tolerable than David's musky woodsy, stinky sweaty scent.

As for the female Alphas survivors.  
There was Meg, Nea, Elodie, Zarina, Yun, Yui, And Laurie.  
Their Alphas Scents variates. Arranging to all different sorts, of smells.  
Feminine, and subtle. Like wild flowers, of all different kinds.  
Lavender, Roses, Jasmine.....  
Appealing they may be, but none of them interested him.

The Alpha women, also had more control of their behaviours and instincts, then the males do. Thank goodness for them.

The males themselves are a cocktail mixture of chaos. Their scents also variates. Smelling nothing like wild flowers. Their scents, were more masculine like. Spicy, Earthy. Gamey, but none, of them were strong as David scent.

Fights, arguments, disagreements, would break out, between the men.

For various reasons,...stupid ones too.

It was mostly David who causes them, on rare times, it was somebody else.

One the stupidest fights, that Steve ever witnessed, was the time that Ace accidentally stepped on David's toe.

Out of all the things?!?...A toe, really?

Like come on David, it was only a accident. Gez...

The Ones who had, to break these, so called fights, were the more tamed, Female Alphas.

Rallying up together, Holding the men back, getting in between them, before any of them, inflict serious damage on each other.

Taking about three Alpha Females, to hold one Alpha male, back.

Growling, Snarling, snapping of teeth, was an constant thing, in these intense full moments.

Luckily, The Betas didn't have to get involve, or try to intervene.

Alpha Drama was Alpha Drama.

All they have to do, was simply be here.

Make their presence known.

Betas, do not have instincts or contain a scent, nor smell scents.

They are basically simple everyday human beings.

'Lucky', Steve grumbled.

The, Betas here were, Adam, Tapp, Jane, Kate, Cheryl and Claudette  
Their Role, is to provide some sort wedge between Alphas and Omega's.

'peacemakers', Steve would describe them as.

For an example, Kate's guitar playing eased everyone's, nerves.

Just Listening to the strums of the guitar alone, made everyone more relaxed, calmer.

Sometimes, lulling some to sleep.

This really helped, for Quentin's part.

The poor Alpha, was always tired, restless.

Steve, didn't need to be told, that Quentin was hesitant to sleep, because of Freddy.

Poor guy.

Even back at the safety of the campfire, Freddy still somehow made his life miserable. Through Nightmares. Always the Nightmares.

Clenching a fist tightly into a ball.

Curse, Freddy and his powers to enter people dreams....Steve Mentally scowled.

Hopefully this time, the tired Alpha, will get a decent amount of Sleep. Without having any nightmares.

Fingers crossed.

Another example, was Claudette, and Jane, willingness, to offer to heal anyone,....when having the permission to do so, of course.

Help Stitch up the hard to reach places, such as the back.

Although.....Most the Alphas here, rather have an Omega heal them, if not, they prefer to heal themselves.

Also, the Betas here we're the most easiest ones to talk to. About feelings.

Unlike, the Alphas, Including some of the women, preferably kept to themselves.

To them, telling someone about their feelings, was weakness.

Even showing certain emotions, was considered weakness too.

'Agh, Whatever', Steve Mentally soured.

Alphas would be Alphas.

During trials however, things were the total the opposite.  
There were no such thing of Ranking.  
Alpha, Beta, Omega.  
Steve and all of the survivors. We're all equal.  
All wanting to prove themselves.  
Show off their unique individual Perks.  
All Having the willpower to escape,  
Save others, by Unhooking, healing.  
Fix generators, destroy hexes.  
Face the killers.  
Believe, or not, David was like this too.  
He was like whole different, better Person in matches, then back at  
the campfire.  
Blaming others, letting out his anger on any Male, he sets his, sights  
on.  
Seemingly, Ranking only exist back at the campfire.  
Instincts, behaviours, tempers were inevitable.

Last but not least, the omega's.  
Let's see here.  
There's was Him, of course.  
Then Dwight, A nervous anxious omega. Who is using the fire, to  
warm himself up, sitting right across from him.  
Then Feng, a very nimble, vast vaulting, always on the Alert omega.  
Who is sitting on the log, right next to Nancy, talking to one another  
in their own private conversation.

Steve sighed dreamily. 'Ah~Nancy'  
She is something. Alright.  
Smart, Stubborn and the most beautiful~Omega, he ever lay eyes on.  
Ever since he came into this mysterious Realm, Steve hoped, he  
might have an chance with her.  
Sadly,...to his disappointment.  
Real world or Realm, Omega with omega relationships were never  
meant to be.

Due, to engraved biology.  
'Damn, Biology'

Besides, who is he kidding.  
She, already had her sights on David.  
Both omega females did.  
Giggling, talking away while looking directly at the drugged sleepy David.  
It was obvious, that the Alpha, was Favoured, by the two girls.  
Both happily, eager to company the Strongest Alpha anytime. All the time.  
healing. sharing food and water  
bottles, with him.

Surprisingly, David did complied to their advances.  
Allowing them, to do whatever to him.  
In return, he Smugly, Flexed, showed off his muscles to them.  
Hearing, the swoons, and uncontainable squeals, from the girls, was like music to David ears.  
Also knowing for the fact, that the other males, are watching, witnessing.  
Faces twisting in jealousy, and envy.  
That David gets all the spoils, affection, admiration, loyalty from the two omega Females.  
While they got completely ignored.

If, David was in good mood after successful escapes of at least one or Matches. He'll allowed Feng and Nancy to sleep, right beside him, as if they were his reward, Prize for doing a outstanding Job.

Not...tonight.....though.

Glancing, over to the drugged Alpha.  
Being a couple meters away. Flat onto his back, now sleeping.  
Snoring loudly, With little thread of drool, running down on the side  
of mouth.

Steve, face softened.

‘Awww~’

Finding the Alpha cute for a second...Before, shaking his head....  
Putting on a straight face.

....There, was a couple of times. Where David tried to win over, His  
and Dwight affection, but Steve rejected the Alpha’s advances, every  
time.

Technically. he rejected all the Alphas advances. Males and Females.  
Turning down Food and water offerings, Ignoring their flirtation, and  
requests to sleep beside one another, but.....healing on the other  
hand, was a different matter.

He allowed, Anyone to heal him.

Alpha, Beta, omega. He didn’t care.

The natural omega instincts to heal others was sufficient.

They heal him, he heals them back. Simple.

It’s gotten to the point, where they all gave up, trying to please him,  
deciding for the best, to treat him, like a common Beta.

Which he is gladly grateful and relieved for. He didn’t need no Alpha  
affection, care, and support.

Dwight on the other hand, preferred the company of the Female  
Alphas.

Being more gentle, careful and more approachable.

He can just walk right up them, asking politely to be pampered, With  
some TLC.

Resting his head, on their laps.

Petting, playing with his hair, while they stitched him up. spoon feed  
him. Give him a drink of water.

Praise him, with a ruffle of his hair.

Who seemed, to be Clearly enjoying,  
loving the attention, Praises, he is receiving.  
Cause, he Always, Making these weird noises, somewhat similar, to  
cat purrs.

‘Bleh...’

How, could his omega comrades, do this to themselves. Don’t they  
have any dignity.

Feng, Nancy, doing whatever they can to please, David. Literally  
dropping to  
the ground.

Dwight, letting the Alpha women, treat him like a spoil pet.

Meanwhile, Steve, Omega he may be.

won’t act, behave, make such noises or Give in to his natural  
instincts.

No way, never, ever.

That’s final.....on the other hand.

There’s one thing, He will admit.

Getting praised, did felt rather nice.

But that’s, that.

You know.

Way before, he came into this realm, he was already capable of being  
more than a mere weak omega.

Back In the real world, he Protected group of Children, by fighting off  
multiple monsters, With his own specialized, weapon.

A bat, studded with nails, that was made by his own two bare hands.

That’s why the Entity have chosen him, to join this realm. It saw  
value, in him.

Same goes for Nancy and the others.

Not to get, in over his head.

Some of the survivors here, would have described him, as being 'cocky',

Hey.....Steve don't blame them.

During every trial, He Out smarted, annoyed, pestered the killers, each time.

Dropping pallets hard, on their heads.

Destroying their hexes.

Hiding in lockers, when they least expect it.

Make them, chase him, for a long time,

Distracting them, while the others got the gens Done.

Looping, Vaulting. Dodging their attacks.

Making the killers such as the The huntress, the Trickster run out of their throwables.

Making, The deathslinger reload his gun. The clown, whip up more tonic.

Locate and disarm, the Bear Traps, Placed by the Trapper.

Blind them, with a flashlight, whenever he got a chance to bring one or find one inside a chest.

Using it, to also destroy the Hags Phantasm Traps.

Easy. All you have to do is, shine a light upon it.

When the killers did managed, to down him.

He wiggled, so frantically that he'll kick, hit, knee them, right in the face.

Forcing them to drop him, follow with a pained grunt.

Giving him the opportunity, to Scurry away, while laughing at their faces.

At the exits, he will taunt them, insult them, greatly by tea bagging.

When he happens to be the last survivor, he'll locate the hatch and wait till the Killers spotted him. So he can make them Watch his great escape. By jumping into the hatch, with a raspberry blow.

It may be childish, but Steve cant help himself.

Hold on.....

Recalling back, maybe the reason why, they always ripped, torn up his clothing.

Was all because, He was this big nuisance, hella annoying, scummy survivor.....

Hated beyond limits....?!?!?.....

“Bfffftt”

Stifling back a laugh. He couldn't help, but smirk a little.

His reputation, of being the killers, most hated survivor, to go against, was too ironic.

A omega like himself, really?

The most brutalist violent Alphas ever possible, losing to a omega.!!?

It was unbelievable.

People, back home in the real world would-

“Why you smiling, boy?”

Bill, using the fire, to light up a fresh cigarette.

“Oh, Nothing”. He continued to smirk.

Bills, eyes bore into him.

Taking in a huge, puff, then blowing out the smoke.

“Don't think I noticed”

“Noticed what?”, Steve said.

Lifting a brow, still smirking.

“You play dirty, that's why they keep going after yeah.”

The old timer using his free hand. Pointing out the torn sliced fabric.

Located at the back of his neck,.

“Pfff, Don’t worry about it.  
I will change into another, shirt”  
Steve got up, onto his feet.  
“Besides, after a day or two, this shirt, will be good as new.”

“If your not careful.  
Your actions, will have consequences”.  
Bill, sat down, back resting against a rock.  
“Next time, you get blood lusted, you will be getting more than a  
ripped shirt”

Watching the cigarette, Bounce on the old mans lips  
Smirk gone. Steve was about to speak his mind.  
Until....

“Bill is right Steve”, Claudette spoke. While stitching, up Jeff.  
Having no other choice, the Alpha let the Beta heal him.  
“If you keep facing the Killers, like you do now, you might get  
seriously hurt”

“Like what? Huh?”, Arms extended out.  
What more, can the killers do.  
Hook him to death? kill him with their own individual weapons?  
Oooooo,.....he so scared...

“For starters, you pallet drop, on their heads, too hard, there buddy.  
Too hard that they get an Nasty lump”  
Ash said, as he casually walked by.  
Heading into the forest, with a roll of Toilet paper.

“So.....what if I-“

“When you struggle, you knee them in the face, causing them, to form a bruise”

Feng, cut him off.

stopping her conversation, with Nancy.

Taking a step back.

“Woah woah.

When did, You guys, all start caring for the killers well-being, Hmmm??” Steve crossed his arms.

“We don’t”, Nancy glared.

“It just, you shouldn’t inflict any damage on them”

“And laugh at them, when doing so” Dwight quickly added.

Nervously biting at his nails.

“Yeah Steve. Your only making matters worse for yourself”, Nea noted.

Taking a seat, right beside Dwight.

Swinging a reassuring arm, around him.

Steve, can’t believe this.

Mouth opening and closing.

Who gives damn, if the killers got hurt, got bruised, got a huge bump on their heads, got laughed at.

They painfully hurt and killed, everybody. Anybody.

They all deserved it.

Death by the killers weapons was agony.....

Compared, to Getting hooked, sacrificed, carried up towards the sky.

Plus, these guys, did the exact same things too. right?.....right?.

Pallet drop n all,.....taunting them at the exits, And.....and...

Side eyeing, Laurie. Gave him an idea.

On the offensive.

“So.....it’s not okay for me, to hurt and bruise the precious killers,  
While Laurie here, can stab them, using her decisive strike”

“Hey!!!, I don’t do it, to inflict any damage or cause pain. I do it,  
Because I want to stun them...., get away safely”, Laurie pointed a  
finger, at him.

“We all do,...unlike like Steve”, Nancy now crossing her arms too.  
Glare, growing dangerous.

“We Stun them, not inflict damage on them”

Steve bit the inside of this cheek.

trying his best not to look angered, dissatisfied.

Stunning them, doesn’t do shit.

Sure it gives you time to escape a chase.

But they deserve to know pain, and suffering too.

Bill, blowing out insane amounts of smoke.

Made him, look.

His Brown eyes, meeting the serious Piercing Blue eyes.

Seeing the old Timer, face says it all.

Gulping down a lump.

He didn't want to disrespect, disappoint the old man, any further.

arguing on, with his Teammates is pointless

Just, Realizing now, that Bill was only trying to look after him, in the first place.

Don't know, why the others had to get involve. They should've mind their own Damn business?!?!

Taking in a deep breath, then exhaling.

Letting out steam. His angered died down.

Uncrossing his arms, putting them behind his back.

Looking down at his feet.

"You right.....I will take it down a notch.

Starting tomorrow?"

"You, better!!"

"Looks who finally coming to their senses"

"That's great Steve"

"Wonderful"

Various responses, boomed out.

"Good", Bill replied.

"Now go change, your shirt"

Steve, nodded his head.

Unknowingly for them.

Behind his back. he had his fingers crossed, Not for good luck.

“Heheh”

Before turning away.

He went rummaging through an box containing his outfits.

Looking through the clumps of clothing, he didn't have much, choices.

Seeing the familiar colours of his Scoops Ahoy Employment outfit.

‘Ah, Nope’, there is no way, he's wearing that. Reason being?, Embarrassing.

Theres no doubt the others would laugh at him.

Biting his bottom lip.

Seeing his white polo striped shirt.

“Ah ha, you will do” Pulling it out.

For the pants???. He didn't bother.

His denim jeans, were still in good condition.

Normally this white polo striped shirt went with brown slacks, but he liked to mix n match.

Heading off into the forest. White striped shirt in arm.

Till he was safely, far away from the eyes of the others.

Go any further deep, then the fog would swallow you right up, taking you back to the campfire. explanation? Simple.

Its the working of the Entity. Keeping its residents, in their place. safe place.

Only place.

Hiding behind a tree, for extra cover.

Pulling his usual green, shirt over his head, slipping it off.

Once off, he spread it out, taking a good look at the damage.

The back of the collar was sliced downwards. Exposing the back of his neck and upper back.

“Dumb monster....”, He mumbled.

Referring to the Demogorgon.

Who was the one, responsible for the damage of his shirt, this time.

'Mann', this was his favourite one too.

Pouting.....

Till, suddenly the cold chill of the Forest air.....got to him.

'Brrr..'

Wasting no time, he put down the torn shirt, and put on the white striped shirt on, with ease.

Looking down at his chest area.

Seeing his nips, visible.

Erected to cold stimulus, under a second, was ridiculous.

"Damn, omega body",

Covering them, with both hands.

Trying to warm back up, to normal.

The downside of being omega, was that their bodies, React to any small sort of stimulus and are build in a specific different way.

He, Dwight, Feng, And Nancy have no body hair what so ever. Their bodies were completely smooth to the touch.

Nothing compared to the Alphas, especially the males.

Able to grow beards, moustaches, body hair On the arms, legs, chest and belly hair leading down to their pubes.

...As for the muscles, they all have them.

Being Lean, Well toned, well fed and, for the Female Alphas behave, well-curved. Bodies basically build to withstand any conditions.

Meanwhile, his body and the other omega's, have less muscle, less hair, Which....means, they get cold easily.

'Don't let it get you Steve'.

Nips back to normal.

He picked up the torn shirt and made his way back to camp.

Back to the warmth of the fire.

The forest, and trees weren't only, used for changing clothes, outfits.  
No.

It was also used for other private intentions.

Such as going to the bathroom, and....

Feeling the blood rushed to his cheeks.

And.....to relieve oneself or spend some quality time with, another.  
Steve, being the youngest survivor, along with Nancy and being a  
Omega in his blossoming.

isn't Dumb.

He knows what secretly goes on, in this foggy forest, behind the tall  
trees.

seeing the Others, mostly the Male Alphas sneak off into the forest  
alone, away from the eyes of the others.

With a scent of arousal in each step.

Making Steve nose scrunched up.

Taking them.

he's guessing, about an half hour or more. Before Returning back.

Faces flushed, hair sweaty, clothing all messy, belts undone. Scents  
all heighten.

Though, they all seemed dissatisfied, unfinished. Like something is  
missing, but what?.

Is jacking off not good enough?

A few times, he did see David sneak off. Either with Feng or Nancy.  
But for them.

They....uhhh....took their time returning back to the campfire.

Sometimes....., they didn't returned.

Probably, because they have fallen  
asleep.....after....uhh.....

What is known as.....

'Mating'

The blood in cheeks, spread all over.

‘Oh gawd’

Face now burning.

Using his torn shirt, to buried his heated face.

‘.....mating.....’

The word, itself, gets to him.

He can’t help, but feel so embarrassed and shy, about it.

It such a private sensitive touchy subject.

It the very thing, that bonds Alpha and Omega together.

How did he know....this?.

From school,....duh.

After experiencing his first heat and identifying as an Omega, at the Age of 16, back at in the real world.

He was forced to take these special classes, every day after school.

Attended only by Omega’s.

Meanwhile in another classroom, right across, there was one specifically for Alphas.

During this time, in these classes, he payed little attention.

Feeling it wasn’t important, to learn such things. Plus they’re kind of pointless.

Upon reaching the grounds of the campfire.

“What’s wrong Steve”, Jane asked. All worried.

Seeing Steve’s covered, hidden away.

“Nothing!!!”

Nearly shouting.

Tearing the fabric of shirt away from his face, Putting it Behind his back.

plastering a smile.

While his cheeks, were still red.

Jane got up and walked straight towards him.

Making a few curious heads, turn.

‘Oh no.’

What if, she.

Exposes, him.

He can't let anyone know that he's embarrassed or shy, Over the word

‘Mating’

It'll ruin his reputation.

Before he could, react.

the Female Beta, was right in front of him, cupping his heated cheeks.

Inspecting his face closely.

“Steve are you.....?”

‘Embarrassed?...Shy?’

Him?, A cocky survivor like himself.

The Killers most hated-

“Feeling...okay?....”

Huh.

Blinking.

“Your, face it's burning”

Oh!.

He had a good explanation.

Thinking fast.

“Just feeling a little under the weather, that’s all”.

Making up an lie.

Hoping to the hide the fact that he was embarrassed.

Jane...looked at him seriously for a moment.

Before her mood dramatically changed.

“Aww....you poor thing”, she cooed.

Letting go of his face.

“Here let me take this” reaching behind and grabbing the shirt.

“Go warm up by the fire”

‘Phew that was close’

The Beta had fell for it.

His Reputation, no longer under threat.

“Come on”

Claudette, placed a hand behind his back. making him slightly jump.

Leading him towards the fire.

“Let’s get you to sleep”

“But I ain’t tired”, He exclaimed.

“Non sense, you need to rest”, she insisted.

“Claudette, I-“

“After all, Lying about feeling embarrassed, must have tired you out”,  
She grinned.

“I wonder what, have gotten you to blush, like a tomato.”,  
Using her free hand to pinch his, somewhat red cheek.

“You know what, sleep does sound rather nice”.....  
Faking a yawn.

Jane may have fallen for the lie, but nothing can't get pass Claudette.

### **Author's Note:**

Yes I started a new work. \*\*grinds teeth together\*\*  
But don't worry I'm still working on my other work.  
(In the writing process as we speak)  
\*\*glances over to ST\*\*  
And....I realized, the Resident Evil chapter has come  
out...so....I'm going to have to squeeze in a few more  
characters.